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SUNDAY GLOBE.

Best Advertising
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Read Every Day in
the Week.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1901.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.

WHOLESALE LOOTING

The Numerous Families Quartered
at St. Elizabeths.

CHILDREN RAISED AND MARRIED

Who Were Born There to Office-Holding Parents.
Invited Guests to Marriages Entertained at
Public Expense—Special Diet, Horses, and
Carriages—A Whole Army of Men, Women,
and Children Living on the Fat of the Land.

The Insane Asylum, known as St. Elizabeths, out on Congress Heights, had a very swell wedding the past week, Miss Bertha, the oldest daughter of Superintendent Richardson, being the beautiful bride. For months the choir of the institution has been rehearsing the wedding music, and during the time their ordinary employments were set aside. About 150 guests were entertained by Dr. Richardson and some of his guests arrived days in advance. There is nothing like having a rich "Uncle" behind one who does not care or who has no control over the expenditures he is forced to pay. Our "Uncle Sam" is proverbially generous, and reckless to some extent, in the manner in which he permits his wealth to be scattered or misused. Paying for weddings for the sons and daughters of his employees and entertaining their guests is but a small item to this benevolent "Uncle." The unfortunate tax payer is sometimes mad at the capers cut up by the old gentleman, and the manner in which he permits public servants to squander the money paid in for his own legitimate expenses. Surely there is no "uncle" in this wide, wide world as careless and indifferent as this Uncle Sam of ours, of the money wrung from the sweat and toll of honest farmers and industrious artisans and paid into his coffers directly and indirectly, by property owners and non-property holders, by laborer and merchant, and by professional as well as by all, and every other species of man resident of this broad empire.

Here we have out at St. Elizabeths a whole army of husbands and wives living off the fat of the land from year's end to year's end, and we do not protest. And hence when a daughter of a son has to be married off, the public servant naturally concludes that it is all right and legitimate to make the public pay a piper, the priest, the florist, the confectioner, the music, the cook, and the Lord only knows who else. The Jenkins of the daily press is invited and the public is regaled next morning with the most minute details of the bride's tresses, the presents, the ceremony, and the "give away"—which most of these affairs usually are.

St. Elizabeths is saturated with nepotism, and the public will find it difficult to believe some of the following authenticated facts:

There are employed at the institution and drawing salaries from the government, as well as special board: Evander French and wife.
Orford French and wife.
Mr. Harnish and wife.
Mr. Barr and wife.
Mr. James Carter and wife.
John Thomas and wife.
Joseph Bond and wife.
Mr. Neighbors and wife.
Andrew Klug and wife.
Joe Klug and wife.
Joe Boswell and wife.
Odie Bell and wife.
George Skidmore and wife.

All of these ladies and gentlemen enjoy soft snaps and special dining-rooms. Some of them, like the steward, have held their jobs for over thirty years, and have raised and married their children there. Special diet is provided for these youngsters. Mr. Skidmore, the boss plumber, receives \$100 per month, and himself and wife have luxurious quarters at the establishment. Mr. Charles Green, the postmaster, draws big salaries; and so it goes—a small army of whole families in addition to numerous visitors quartered on the institution at the expense of that benevolent uncle of ours.

West Point and Annapolis are not the only aristocratic charitable institutions to assure our correspondent that what was published in this city during the last week, and takes care of the daughter, as well as the sons, and marries them off regardless of expense.

It is the same old McKinley Administration of "loot, luxury and look out for number one," we became accustomed to in Ohio during his four years' administration as the chief executive of that State. The President is so kind-hearted, "you know," that he will not, have not, and does not call down the voracious human sharks feeding on the vitals of the public, and consuming the taxes paid in by the struggling and hard-working farmer, mechanic and merchant. Living in luxury and rioting and squandering the substance of others, our public servants are not only living on the fat of the land themselves, but their wives, children, uncles, cousins, aunts, and, in many notorious cases, their concubines also flaunt their paint and feathers in the public Departments, as the pets and favorites of disreputable high officials.

The Sunday Globe is giving the public the only sane and sane-sounding present, but if the official thugs do not succeed in their threatened assassination of its editor, the cancer with

HUNTING DOWN.

"There's a Chief Among Ye Takin' Notes
AN' FAITH HE'LL PRINT 'EM."

Clerk Lyman on a Search for the Author of
Globe Articles in His Department—Promotions for the Men Who Find Him—Marco Polo Vanderlip's Reception by the Lickspittles—That Widow, etc.

Charles Lyman, Appointment Clerk of the Treasury Department, is making strenuous efforts to ascertain the names of the employees of the Treasury Department who are furnishing the information relative to his record, and the favoritism he has shown to the members of his family employed in the Department. The Globe is reliably informed that several of the lickspittles who fawn in the presence of this dismissed officer of the army are making overtures to ascertain the names of the parties who give the facts for publication and promising official preferment, if the names are secured. For the benefit of Charles Lyman, the Globe will state that its informants are far too shrewd to trust further than they are compelled, their official life in his keeping, and that under no circumstances would they stoop to the degree of idiocy to trust one of the lickspittles of the Appointment Division.

Lyman's record was rather a surprise to the milk and water Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury. He has suffered under the belief that his appointment clerk was a meek and pious man, with a past so white that the driven snow would form a shade upon it. Mr. Gage does not like to have his Department get so much notoriety, and it is even intimated that Lyman's conduct in this regard is a disgrace to the Treasury. Mr. Gage had enough to contend with under Vanderlip, who was gracefully retired by way of resignation, which, it is believed, was handed in on a suggestion from President McKinley.

Vanderlip held quite a reception of the sycophants in the Treasury building last Monday. He was escorted by his protegee, Milton E. Ails, who succeeded to the position of Secretary. Lyman was in the fore to welcome him, and it is said that the creature of his promotion, Lee W. Funk, chief of the Indian Division, nearly collapsed after the hot run he made to the Secretary's office on hearing that the mighty financier, "much" to the "Captain's" credit, had been promoted.

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HA THERE METZGER

Why Were You Reduced from the
Chief Clerkship?

A DEMORALIZED DEPARTMENT

Under Secretary Hitchcock—The Old Gang of
"Looters" Under Lamoreaux Still in the
Saddle and Working Their Graft Right Under
the Proboscis of Mr. Secretary Hitchcock—A
Sweet Scented Crowd of Official Cracksmen.

When Lamoreaux was compelled to resign, in disgrace, his portfolio of Secretary of the Interior, the same crowd of parasites which now buzz around Secretary Hitchcock backed up the disgraced ex-Secretary, and were instrumental in his downfall.

The most conspicuous figure at the time was Mr. Lamoreaux's private secretary, one Metzger, whose wife held, or holds, down a position, after the usual nepotism tactics prevailing by the grace of the civil service Commission, in the Patent Office, and who is himself an \$1,800 clerk in the Land Office under Mr. Herman.

A curious fact has developed in the official career of Mr. Metzger. Mr. Herman promoted him from his obscure position as clerk and ex-private secretary of the deceased Lamoreaux, to the chief clerkship of the Land Office, at the salary of two thousand dollars odd, which the position pays. Here he fattened and thrived, and was supposed to be a fixture or go up higher still. But an unusual and unexplainable thing occurred in Mr. Metzger's case. After holding his job as chief clerk for a long period he was suddenly removed, and reduced to an \$1,800 clerkship.

Commissioner Herman did not publicly assign any reason for Mr. Metzger's degradation in office, but that the Commissioner had a potent reason for his action goes without saying, as Mr. Herman's reputation for fairness and integrity stand unquestioned so far.

Rumors on the outside, which obviously cannot be verified as to their truth, will not talk, and it pays Mr. Metzger to keep a close mouth, ascribe Metzger's reduction to some sinister cause in connection with the administration of his office as chief clerk. However that may be, and whatever the cause, inefficiency, maladministration, or other reason, the fact remains that Mr. Metzger was reduced, and instead of being chief clerk of the Land Office, he is a subordinate clerk. Mr. Metzger has been chief clerk of the Department, and Mr. Metzger is still an humble employee where he was formerly master. This is not according to either civil or honest service, and an explanation should be forthcoming from Commissioner Herman or Secretary Hitchcock, to the effect of "why is this thus?"

Mr. Metzger's honored sire is drawing a nice fat salary on the Board of Appeals, Pension Department, and as there are no other Metzgers, big or little, the salaries coming into the Metzger family will, it is to be hoped, enable all three to spend a few weeks at the seaside to recuperate from the fatigue of signing the pay-rolls twice each month.

Passing Mr. Metzger and his "pa," we desire to call William J. Metzger's attention to the fact that the "looting" gang, under Lamoreaux, still run the Department, and that Mr. Hitchcock has made no change in the mob of official cracksmen who helped his predecessor into disgraceful retirement. All manner of skullduggery, nepotism and maladministration are in full blast, as in the good old times of Grover and Hoke Smith, with the addition that the "looters" have grown bolder and have for their shield the "looting" of the Vanderlip, "the public be damned."

All this is occurring under the nose of the Secretary, and receives his sanction, unless he is too dull to see what is going on. And this is the man that is posing before the country as a great "reformer." He was too pure to associate with either party in 1884, and so became a mugwump. As such he voted for Cleveland in 1884 and 1892. Like some other millionaires, he prospered in the glass manufacturing business through tariff favors, and came to Washington to get McKinley to fix the glass schedule to his nation's liking, of course, to rob the country. The plant tool of the protected interests yielded to his demands, and the St. Louis man made more millions by the McKinley tariff of 1890. When his friend at the head of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, because in 1890, bested him in his party for President in 1896, Hitchcock not only supported him but made large contributions to Hanna's fund to secure the election of his man—McKinley. But, before this, Hitchcock came to the rescue of McKinley, and paid his debts, while governor of Ohio, when he became financially embarrassed and was about to become a bankrupt and pauper, involving his wife's property. In reward for this, although Hitchcock had been favored by the McKinley tariff, the President made haste to provide his friend with a nice soft place. He sent him a Minister to Russia, and upon Bliss' retirement from the Interior Department, McKinley immediately transferred Hitchcock to the vacant place. The Secretary of the Interior should be a first-class lawyer, as many important questions are constantly coming up. Hitchcock is neither a lawyer nor qualified in any sense for his responsible position. He is weak and ignorant outside the glass manufacturing business, in which he has made his millions. He is liable, of course, if not so naturally inclined, to fall into the nets spread by the "rings" and "jobbers" for the exploitation of the public domain in respect of mineral lands, timber reservations and railroad grants. Lamoreaux was officially crooked and was caught up in his elabors in a jam. He had to resign in disgrace, but should have been tried.

Hitchcock seems to be under the complete control of the Hoke Smith

and Lamoreaux crowd, all of whom have been retained in office as special favorites.

The streets of Washington are filled with old Union soldiers living on the charity of friends, turned out to make places for ex-Confederates. After they got in, Cleveland tucked them away snugly under the civil service blanket, and there they are to-day. Hoke Smith literally crammed the Department with Georgia men, who spent a good part of their salaries for the election of Democrats to Congress from Maryland, and to buy flowers to decorate Confederate graves. McKinley and Hitchcock knew all this—their attention has been frequently called to it—yet the Cleveland order extending the civil service rules even to laborers and messengers has been allowed to stand. And this is McKinley's treatment of his "comrades," that he sheds crocodile tears over, and this is his civil service reform in the Interior Department. A sight of gods and men.

THE TOWLES OUTRAGE.

His Desk Broken Open by His
Brother.

The following came to light the past week and The Globe gladly gives it to the public:

During C. B. Towles' confinement to his bed by illness, a year ago, H. O. Towles and C. C. Bryan made his office a sort of rendezvous. Zenas C. Robbins occasionally visiting the same and keeping them company. It was at this time that G. B. Towles' desk, which he had secured locked, was forcibly broken open by H. O. Towles, and his books and papers taken therefrom. H. O. Towles admitted to a party subsequently that he had done wrong, but to others he said it was by orders of the United States district attorney or United States marshal, which of course was untrue.

Valuable papers, which would have thrown a good deal of light upon the case, as testimony, at the trial of G. B. Towles, were also taken from his safe, which had been broken open. In this case have books or papers been returned.

G. B. Towles has suffered in silence, and although badly treated by his brother refused to have him arrested for breaking his desk open, when advised to do so by his friends, alleging that he did not desire any consideration by his brother, in view of the extraordinary and unparalleled course he pursued in making allegations of forgery against his brother, and in aiding to have him indicted before the grand jury.

Drastic measures would have been taken last summer before trial by C. B. Towles' attorney, against H. O. C. B. Towles' refusal to encourage or countenance same where it involved his brother, hoping that something would be done to save the cause, including the indictment of his brother, or other reason, the fact remains that Mr. Metzger was reduced, and instead of being chief clerk of the Land Office, he is a subordinate clerk. Mr. Metzger has been chief clerk of the Department, and Mr. Metzger is still an humble employee where he was formerly master. This is not according to either civil or honest service, and an explanation should be forthcoming from Commissioner Herman or Secretary Hitchcock, to the effect of "why is this thus?"

He is equally guilty with Zenas C. Robbins and C. C. Bryan, and being a brother his crime is damnable. Information has reached this office that steps are being taken for the arrest of H. O. Towles and that the evidence for conviction is ample.

THE PAP SUCKER

Who Runs the Railway Postal Guide
and a Bunco Insurance.

Published at St. Paul, Minn., and edited by a papsucker named James Elliott, pays its attention to the Sunday Globe because of a expose in these columns on the bunco Accident Insurance Company, conducted by this fellow Elliott. This man Eliot is a cheeky ignoramus, puffed up by his own importance and the two salaries he is drawing, one from the Government and the other from the deluded members of his association. He expresses his scorn in an editorial in this fellow Elliott's paper, that he has never heard of the Railway Postal Guide and that he was a pap sucker and a bunco editor of an alleged organ for postal clerks.

May we ask why his last issue omits the usual statement of assets? For the benefit of those he deludes into paying him an annual salary to edit the Guide, besides the one he draws from Uncle Sam, the Globe will state the reason, further because he has fallen so low Mr. Elliott dare not tip his hand off by publishing them.

The Globe is not interested in denying or explaining the sources of its information on ordinary matters, but in the present case, where the deluded members of the Railway Postal Guide are being exploited by a man who has never heard of the Railway Postal Guide and that he was a pap sucker and a bunco editor of an alleged organ for postal clerks.

A BALTIMORE FIRM

Gets the Award for School Board
Stationery.

The contract for printing the school stationery was awarded by the secretary of the Board of Education to a Baltimore firm the past week. The contract awarded amounts to about \$8,000 per annum. It is somewhat strange that Mr. Harry Thombly, the afore-said secretary, could not find a Washington firm to give this contract to. The curious thing about this matter is that Mr. Thombly, who was secretary of a prosperous building association, resigned that position to take the school board secretaryship, which pays only \$500 per annum. But strange still, after the award was made to the Baltimore firm Mr. Thombly quits his job and goes back to another building association. Now, where was Associated Press Boynton all this time? Of course he was in the city, but he was not awarded. At least the law is mandatory that they must do so, but as things are going on now under the District government it is all a game of battle-dore and shuttlecock, nobody is responsible and everything is juggled around with the city administration of affairs.

CAPITAL CRIMES.

The Suppressed News From Wash-
ington City

BY ONE OF THE SUPPRESSORS.

Continuation of the Correspondence Which was
Suppressed by White House Influence and
the Blue Pencil of the Associated Press
and Kindred Agencies—Some Interesting
Reading for The Globe's Army of Patrons.

The continuation of the suppressed news from Washington makes mighty interesting reading. This week the Globe, for want of space, can only reproduce a short chapter, but sufficient of itself to show our readers the oligarchy residents of this District are living under. Every correspondent is controlled by one influence or another from sending his paper, Democratic or Republican, the flagrant scandal, nepotism in office, and the absolute dishonesty of Department officials. The correspondent, if not under control at this end of the line, is speedily admonished by his paper to confine his articles to surface news and colorless current happenings in the Departments. Then, again, many of the correspondents have been obligated by the appointments of friends and relatives, so that it is almost impossible for the public at large to acquire, through reading Washington correspondence, any accurate knowledge of the real state of affairs in the governmental departments.

This chapter gives a mere bird's-eye view of the methods by which Abner, the brother of President McKinley, blossomed into a millionaire from a broken-down lawyer, or rather a commercial traveler, living from hand to mouth.

"Before Col. Tom Ochiltree sailed for Europe he bid a fervent goodbye to Abner McKinley. They were fellow-boarders at the Windsor Hotel in New York City. With joyous uproar as he shook Abner with one of his brooding looks upon the back with the other, Ochiltree shouted:

"With this war coming on and your brother in the White House, if you're not worth a million when I get back from Europe I shall despise you as a fool who couldn't see how to work a chance."

"Abner will have the million unless Ochiltree makes a hurry run home. He is in a fair way to get even more. It is unfortunate for the President that he has such an acquisitive brother as this relative of his. Abner is a bone of contention between the Administration and the public. He has a black eye that even Mark Hanna or Stephen McKim can't do much to mend. It is a calamitous fact that no scandal is so bad as this. The stolen and robberies never amount to anything respectable until the President's brother is invited in to split up the profits.

"The Administration was scarcely a month old when Abner began his money-making efforts. He became a broker, a stock broker, and also an office broker. Business thrived, and Abner, from a commercial traveler—he was once a lawyer, but did not like the profession—who had met with indifferent success, became the greatest gatherer of percentages on Government contracts in Washington. It can not be said that his executive brother was in the deal with him, although I have never heard that the old Canton firm of McKinley & McKinley has been dissolved.

"Abner rented an office on Wisconsin street, near G, opposite the Treasury Building, and decided to hang out his sign as dealer in stocks. The New York Sun, which had in its new Republicanism become filled with a notion that it should ride as guardian of the presidential morals and the honor of the House, protested. It did even better. It sent its political correspondent, Mr. Ed Riggs, to Washington, and Mr. Riggs presently produced the most readable page of personal information concerning Abner McKinley, his trades and his percentages, that ever failed to find its way into print.

"The article was taken to the President, and he was permitted to read it. Of course, a large shivering scare grew up in the executive soul. Abner worries him considerably, for Abner is not at all fine in his practices. He lacks the polish of the experienced cracksmen. The President asked if it were possible to have the biographical sketch of his relative suppressed. It was, but on one condition—that is, that Abner select some other city as a place of residence and throw up his base on the broker's office. This was agreed to, and the troublesome relative went to New York, where he entered into business relations with John G. Carlisle, the attorney for the Sugar Trust.

"They have offices down near Wall Street. The former secretary of the Cleveland and the brother of McKinley syndicated their respective pulls.

"Let me give an instance of the value of Abner McKinley as an attorney. I will not advert to the difficulty the Hawaiian annexation resolution found in getting past the Senate. The blocks in its way were placed there by Abner McKinley and John G. Carlisle. The President wanted the resolution to pass, but it was not permitted to do so until the President's brother and some of the President's Senatorial friends had exhausted the possibilities that existed in its obstruction. It will say nothing of this, for it is a past affair. It is the successful collecting done by Abner that I wish to advertise.

"Abner McKinley, Secretary Bliss and one or two others also thought it would facilitate Spanish-American relations in Cuba if the soldiers and sailors were paid in Spanish silver. General Stanton, Paymaster General of the Army, had \$800,000 in United States gold aboard a transport in New York. It was ready to sail for Cuba to pay off the men. Orders came from Abner to unload it and take it back to the sub-treasury. Stanton refused. The

intention was to exchange for the American money, Spanish coin which could be purchased at a large discount, leaving the difference between the market value of the Spanish currency and that of the American to the profit of the promoters of this enterprise. Stanton would not be a party, passively or actively. His men were paid with the money of this country."

"PULLS" OF POLICE

And the Peculiar Promotions in the
Department.

SYLVESTER PLAYS FAVORITES.

Experienced and Tried Officers Have no Show
Against the Pets who Stand in with Major
Sylvester—An Attempt to Foist Another Po-
lice Court Reporter on the Tax Payers as
Assistant to Our Literary Chief.

An incipient rebellion in the ranks of the police was averted, so it is said, by the timely opinion of the District Attorney that Major Richard Sylvester had no authority to appoint as his assistant a man not a member of the Police Department.

From what can be gathered relative to the excitement among the police owing to the proposed appointment of an outsider as captain and assistant superintendent, it seems that the Major had in view the appointment of a young man who gathers police court news for an evening paper. However, it was deemed advisable to ask the opinion of District Attorney Duval in the matter. The opinion, as stated, was adverse to the authority of the Major, and the young man with the overabundance of "executive ability," for which the Major longed, will have to swelter during the summer months pouncing the heated asphalt streets chasing the festive police item, or be lotted into a doze reporting the dashes of "wit" that fly from the brilliant Muldowney in the police court each morning, as he sees that "justice" is given to the drunks and disorderlies.

The promotion of a clerk in the police headquarters of the District does not meet with the approbation of members of the police department who for many years have faithfully performed street duty and other duties appertaining to a policeman. The clerk, it is said, has never had a day of duty as a practical policeman. He is not a man of any experience in the line of apprehending criminals. It is claimed by the men who have been overshadowed by him, through Sylvester's favoritism, that he has only performed clerical work since becoming a member of the force. Of course Sylvester may have a very good reason for recognizing his clerk, but the only apparent reason, so the old "coppers" allege, is to add the Major in getting out his ever-flowing orders, instructions and other epistles which require the steady operation of the headquarters' typewriter.

The Sunday Globe has nothing in the world to say against the clerk personally. He has the reputation of being a reputable young fellow, but The Globe does say that the course adopted by the District Commissioners in recent promotions in the fire and police departments is not an incentive to the faithful, painstaking members of these departments to use their best endeavors in the interest of the District. They remain permanently in the lower positions, being overlooked when opportunity comes to recognize them by more strident and neophytes in the department.

No branches of the District Government need to be further removed from political, social or religious influence than the police and fire departments. Recent promotions in these departments speak for themselves.

It is hoped that the betterment of "executive ability" has about run through, so that the next promotions may be given to men without this oversupply of that kind of ability but a little more of practical experience in the apprehension of crime.

A correspondent suggests that the ability to run a typewriter is more essential to recognition in the police department than knowledge of criminals and fearless performance of duty. He gives as his reason for this assertion that Major Sylvester never had any experience as a policeman, but is familiar with the work of the typewriter. Be this as it may, it is about time that a grip be put on the loose rein which Sylvester has handled the promotion business in the department.

To be sure, Ross and MacFarland, naturally, are prone to recognize a "pull," as that is what put each of them in the office they hold, but in the interest of the welfare of the District, these worthy gentlemen should not allow the "pull" to regulate the department mentioned.

COLORED OFFICER

Finally Fired by Major Sylvester
After Many Chances.

The District Commissioners on Friday last, on the recommendation of Major Sylvester, finally dismissed H. L. Ashton, the colored officer who has gained so much notoriety, from the police force. Ashton was found guilty of neglect of duty in being absent several hours without leave, but the more serious charge against him was conduct unbecoming an officer. It was alleged that he accosted two women on the street and followed them to their homes on Missouri avenue and stood outside of the house until another officer came along and was appealed to by the complainants. Ashton was in citizens' clothes at the time. He has recently been on duty at the Long Bridge. In his trial on the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer, Ashton was represented by former Representative George H. White, of North Carolina, and Attorney Thomas L. Jones.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

What the Wires Whispered Through
the Weary Night

FOR SUNDAY GLOBE READERS.

Sets Fire to them With Coal Oil, Does an
Enraged Louisville Husband—A Duel to
the Death in Hungary—Finds His Bride
of Three Weeks Unchaste—Other Items
of Equal Interest at Home and Abroad.

Louisville, Ky., June 29.—For some time James Ailesworth, a stone mason, resident of the Portland district, had his suspicions aroused against ex-cashier W. W. Newcomb of undue familiarity with his young wife Bettie. Bettie is only 28, while her husband is over 50. Pretending to take the steamer for Cincinnati on business, he hid himself in the house and waited. Falling asleep he did not hear the entrance of Newcomb. Some time in the night he woke up, and being temporarily dazed, forgot the object of his hiding and proceeded to his bed-room, where he found the nude, guilty couple locked in each other's arms. Ailesworth contemplated the scene for a moment, and noticing the empty wine bottles concluded the couple were stupefied with drink. He secured a can of kerosene, and saturating the bed and furniture of the room with the oil, laid a train, and as he left the house touched it off. The blaze soon reached the sleeping couple who awakened to find the bed and furniture in flames. Rushing to the window, which was not very high from the ground, they jumped safely to the ground almost in the arms of Policeman Forst, who took them to the nearby station house clad only in nature's garb. They received prompt medical attention, but were only slightly burned, the woman about the hips and the man in the arms and shoulders. The husband was arrested at a late hour and confessed the crime of setting fire to the house, which, by the way, was entirely destroyed, including all the household effects and the garments of the couple.

Boston, Mass., June 29.—A petition for divorce was filed late this afternoon by J. Henry Breed, of the wholesale firm of Breed, Newhall & Co., against his three week's bride, the daughter of John Phillips Barnard, the author and literary critic. The petition alleges that the husband made the discovery that his wife was unchaste, and she admitted to him that she had been seduced by her cousin, a young lad of 17, three months previously, while the boy was on a visit to his uncle, Mrs. Breed is 25 years of age, very beautiful, and a finely formed woman of voluptuous proportions.

Buda-Pesth, June 29.—A duel fought between an army officer, Lieut. Jacobet, and a German ex-army officer named Bach, was a sanguinary affair, resulting in the death of the officer and the serious wounding of Bach. They fought with cavalry sabers, both men belonging to the mounted service of their respective countries. Not less than five thrusts through the body were delivered by the German before the fatal thrust through the jugular vein. The German's left hand was severed, and he also was cut in the neck.

London, June 29.—Since the bye election which went in favor of the government, the jingoism has more than ever to fight it out with the Boers. The government's backbone has been stiffened considerably, and there is no talk now of compromise or terms with the Burgheers. Meantime the pro-Bloer element keeps rubbing it in by placarding the recent victory and activity of the Boers and placing in parallel columns the enormous war expenditures of the government. Everybody is really sick of the struggle, but the jingoes are putting on a bold front and "whistling to keep their courage up."

Augusta, Ga., June 29.—An elopement which caused a great excitement last night is the talk of the city. A bright negro named Joe Gilman, who came here almost three weeks ago to start a tonorial establishment, became acquainted with an Italian family fairly well to do, and the oldest daughter of whom is a beautiful girl, very educated in this city. The Plencinis, the Italian family referred to, were to rent the shop the negro was negotiating for, and several visits back and forth resulted. It is supposed, in his acquaintance with Miss Florence, she left a note to her mother stating that she and Gilman would live and die together. If the brother of Florence, who is in pursuit, finds the couple, there will be one death certain.

Auburn, N. Y., June 29.—A sad accident happened to the 16-year old daughter of J. Eli Gause, the extensive hardware dealer. She, with some young lady friends, were enjoying themselves at her father's country place, and among other amusements indulged in swinging on a rather high swing, to which the girls climbed on a short ladder. While in the swing Miss Gause lost her balance and fell on her head on a large boulder, fracturing her skull. She remained unconscious until this evening, and despite the efforts of the physicians died at sundown.

Lima, O., June 29.—Edward T. Thompson, living on a farm seven miles southwest of this city was instantly killed by a neighbor with whom he was engaged in a fist fight. The slayer, John Morrissey, a farm hand, fled, and has not yet been arrested. The men agreed to fight in the regular prize ring style, but at the first blow struck by Morrissey Thompson fell lifeless to the ground, and never breathed, being instantly killed by the blow.